

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE LOST SHIP.

## JAMES BRAITHWAITE THE SUPERCARGO.

### CHAPTER IV.

WE had got our decks caulked, our rigging set up, and other repairs finished, when, one forenoon, O'Carroll, who had at length ventured on shore, returned in a great hurry with the information that there was much bustle on board the *Mignonne*, and that her people were evidently hurrying to the utmost to get ready for sea. Had Captain Hassall followed his own inclinations, he would have given the piratical Frenchman the opportunity of trying his strength with the *Barbara*; but as

that would have been decidedly objected to by Garrard, Janrin, and Co., we, with the whaler and her prize, and another English vessel, cleared out as secretly as we could, and, with a fair breeze, put to sea. We had to lay to for the other vessels, and after they had joined us, Captain Brown hailed us, to say that the look-out from his maintopgallant mast-head had seen a large ship coming out of the harbour under all sail, and that he thought it possible she might be the *Mignonne*. As, however, a mist had soon afterwards arisen, she was concealed from sight. We promised, however, to stand to the northward with Captain Brown

during the night, and in the morning, should no enemy be in sight, let him and his consorts proceed on their voyage homewards, while we kept on our course for the Cape of Good Hope. Nothing could have given our people greater satisfaction than to have found the Frenchman close to us at daybreak. I spent most of the night in writing letters home, to send by the whaler. When morning dawned, not a sail, except our own little squadron, was to be seen. We kept company till noon, and then, with mutual good wishes, stood away on our respective courses. We hoped that the *Mignonne* would follow the *Barbara* rather than our friends, should she really have sailed in chase of any of us. The possibility of our being pursued created much excitement on board. At early dawn, till the evening threw its mantle over the ocean, we had volunteers at the mast-heads looking out for a strange sail. At the end of four or five days all expectation of again meeting with the *Mignonne* ceased, somewhat to the disappointment of most of the crew, who were wonderfully full of fight. Having beaten the Frenchman once, they were very sure that they could beat him again. We had other good reasons for having our eyes about us—first, to avoid in time any foe too big to tackle; and then as we had the right to capture any Spanish vessels we might fall in with, to keep a look-out for them. However, the ocean is very broad, and though we chased several vessels, they all proved to be Portuguese. After sighting the little rocky and then uninhabited island of Tristan D'Acunha, we made the Cape of Good Hope, and entering Table Bay, dropped our anchor off Capetown.

The colony had lately been recaptured from the Dutch by Sir David Baird and Sir Home Popham, with a well-appointed force of 5,000 men. The two armies met on the plain at the foot of Table Mountain; but scarcely had the action been commenced by General Ferguson, at the head of the Highland Brigade, than the wise Hollanders, considering that the English were likely to prove as good masters as the French, retreated, and soon after offered to capitulate, which they were allowed to do with all the honours of war. The Dutch, French, and English were now living on very friendly terms with each other. The Cape colony, with its clean, well-laid-out English capital, its Table Mountain and Table Cloth, its vineyards, its industrious and sturdy Boers, its Hottentot slaves, and its warlike Caffirs, is too well-known to require a description. I did a good deal of trading—a matter of private interest to Garrard, Janrin, and Co., so I will not speak of it. The ship was put to rights, we enjoyed ourselves very much on shore, and were once more at sea. Strong easterly winds drove us again into the Atlantic, and when we had succeeded in beating back to the latitude of Capetown, the weather, instead of improving, looked more threatening than ever. I had heard of the peculiar swell off the Cape, but I had formed no conception of the immense undulations I now beheld. They came rolling on slow and majestically, solid-looking, like mountains of malachite, heaving up our stout ship as if she were a mere chip of deal cast on the face of the ocean. We were alone on the waste of waters, no other objects in sight besides these huge green masses, which, as the clouds gathered, were every instant becoming of a darker and more leaden hue.

"We shall get a breeze soon, and I hope that it will be from the right quarter for us," I remarked to Benjie Stubbs, the second mate, who had charge of the deck.

"We shall have a breeze, and more than we want,

Pusser" (intended for Purser, a name Benjie always persisted in giving me), he answered, glancing round the horizon. "You've not seen anything like this before, eh? A man must come to sea to know what's what. There are strange sights on the ocean."

"So I have always heard," I remarked.

"Yes, you'd have said so if you had been on deck last night in the middle-watch," he observed, in a low tone.

"How so! what happened?" I asked.

"Why, just this," he answered. "There was not more wind than there is now, and the sky was clear, with a slice of a moon shining brightly, when just as I was looking along its wake, what did I see, but a full-rigged, old-fashioned ship, under all sail, bearing down towards us at a tremendous rate. When she got within a couple of hundred fathoms of us, she hove to and lowered a boat. I guessed well enough what she was, so, running forward, I cast loose one of the guns and pointed at the boat. They aboard the stranger knew what I was after; the boat was hoisted in again, and away she went right in the teeth of the wind."

"Did you see this last night?" I asked, looking the mate in the face. "I should like to speak to some of the men who saw it at the same time."

"I don't say all saw it. You may ask those who did, and you won't get a different story from what I've told you," he replied.

"And what think you was the ship you saw," I asked.

"The Flying Dutchman,\* of course, and no manner of doubt about the matter," he answered promptly.

"If you had been on the look-out you would have seen him as clearly as I did. Remember, Pusser, if you ever fall in with him, don't let him come aboard, that's all. He'll send you to the bottom as surely as if a red-hot shot was to be dropped into the hold."

"Who is this Flying Dutchman?" I asked, wishing to humour Benjie by pretending to believe his story.

"Why, as to that, there are two opinions," he answered, as if he was speaking of authenticated facts. "Some say that he was an honest trader, that he was bound in for Table Bay, when he was ordered off by the authorities, and that, putting to sea, he was lost; others say that he was a piratical gentleman, and that on one occasion, when short of provisions, being driven off the land by contrary winds, he swore a great oath that he would beat about till the day of doom, but that get in he would. He and all his crew died of starvation, but the oath has been kept; and when gales are threatening, or mischief of any kind brewing, he is to be met with, trying in vain to accomplish his vow."

I smiled at Benjie's account, whereat he pretended to look very indignant, as if I had doubted his veracity. I afterwards made inquiries among the seamen. Two or three asserted that they had witnessed an extraordinary sight during the night, but they all differed considerably in their accounts. It may be supposed that they were trying to practise on the credulity of a greenhorn. My belief is that they really fancied that they had seen what they described.

The clouds grew thicker and thicker till they got as black as ink. The sea became of a dark leaden hue, and the swell increased in height, so that when we sank down into the intermediate valley, we could not see from the deck beyond the watery heights on either side of us.

\* We never hear of the Flying Dutchman now-a-days. The fact is that he had the monopoly of sailing or going along rather in the teeth of the wind. Now steamers have cut him out, and he is fain to hide his diminished head.

"Ah, the skipper is right; we shall have it before long hot and furious."

This remark, made by Benjie Stubbs, followed the captain's order to send down all our lighter spars, and to make everything secure on deck, as well as below. The ship was scarcely made snug before the tempest broke on us. The high, smooth rollers were now torn and wrenched asunder as it were, their summits wreathed with masses of foam, which curled over as they advanced against the wind, and breaking into fragments, blew off in masses of snowy whiteness to leeward. I scarcely thought that a fabric formed by human hands could have sustained the rude shocks we encountered till the ship was got on her course, and we were able to scud before the gale. Often the sea rose up like a dead wall, and seemed as if it must fall over our deck and send us to the bottom. The scene was trying in the day time, but still more so when darkness covered the face of the deep, and it needed confidence in the qualities of our ship, and yet greater in God's protecting power, not to feel overcome with dread. There was a grandeur in the spectacle which kept me on deck, and it was not till after the steward had frequently summoned me to supper that I could tear myself from it. Curious was the change to the well-lighted, handsome cabin, with the supper things securely placed between fiddles and puddings\* on the swing table. The first mate had charge of the deck. Stubbs was busily employed fortifying his nerves. "You now know, Pusser, what a gale off the Cape is," he observed, looking up with his mouth half full of beef and biscuit.

"Yes, indeed," said I. "Fine weather, too, for your friend the Dutchman to be cruising."

"Ay, and likely enough we shall see him, too," he answered. "It was just such a night as this some five years back that we fell in with him off here; and our Consort, as sound a ship as ever left the Thames, and all hands was lost. It's my belief that he put a boat aboard her by one of his tricks." I saw Captain Hassall and Irby exchange glances. Stubbs was getting on his favourite subject.

"Well, now I've doubled this Cape a dozen times or more, and have never yet once set eyes on this Dutch friend of yours, Benjie," exclaimed O'Carroll. "Mind you call me if we sight his craft, I should like to 'ya, ya' a little with him, and just ask him where he comes from, and what he's about, and may be if I put the question in a civil way I'll get a civil answer." By-the-bye, Captain Hassall and I had been so well pleased with O'Carroll, and so satisfied as to his thorough knowledge of the regions we were about to visit and the language of the people, that we had retained him on board as supernumerary mate.

"Don't you go and speak to him now, if you value the safety of the ship, or our lives," exclaimed Stubbs, in a tone of alarm.

"You don't know what trick he'll play you if you do. Let such gentry alone, say I."

We all laughed at the second mate's earnestness, though I cannot say that all the rest of those present disbelieved in the existence of the condemned Dutchman. The state of the atmosphere, the strange, wild, awful look of the ocean, prepared our minds for the appearance of anything supernatural. The captain told me that I looked ill and tired from having been on deck so many hours, and insisted on my turning in, which I at length unwillingly did.

In spite of the upheaving motion of the ship, and the peculiar sensation as she rushed down the watery declivity into the deep valley between the seas, I fell asleep. The creaking of the bulkheads, the whistling of the wind in the rigging, the roaring of the seas, and their constant dash against the sides was never out of my ears, and oftentimes I fancied that I was on deck witnessing the tumult of the ocean, now that the Flying Dutchman was in sight, now that our own good ship was sinking down overwhelmed by the raging seas.

"Mr. Stubbs wants you on deck, sir; she's in sight, sir, he says, she's in sight," I heard a voice say, while I felt my elbow shaken. The speaker was Jerry Nott, our cabin-boy. I slipped on my clothes, scarcely knowing what I was about.

"What o'clock is it?" I asked. "Gone two bells in the morning watch," he answered. I sprang on deck. The dawn had broke. The wind blew as hard as ever. The sky and sea were of a leaden grey hue, the only spots of white were the foaming crests of the seas and our closely reefed foretop sails. "There, there! Do you see her now?" asked Stubbs, pointing ahead. As we rose to the top of a giant sea I could just discover in the far distance, dimly seen amid the driving spray, the masts of a ship with more canvas set than I should have supposed would have been shown to such a gale. While I was looking I saw another ship not far beyond the first. We were clearly nearing them.

"What do you think of that?" asked Stubbs.

"That there are two ships making very bad weather of it, Mr. Stubbs," answered the captain, who at that moment had come on deck. He took a look through his glass.

"She is a large ship—a line-of-battle ship I suspect," he observed.

"Looks like one," said Stubbs. "She'll look like something else by-and-by."

The rest of the officers had now joined us except Mr. Randolph, who had the middle watch. We were all watching the strangers together. Now as we sank down into the hollow, the masses of spray which blew off from the huge sea uprising between us and them, hid them from our sight. Some differed with the captain as to the size of the largest ship. One or two thought that she was an Indiaman. However she was still so distant, and in the grey dawn so misty-looking and indistinct, that it was difficult to decide the question. The captain himself was not certain. "However, we shall soon be able to settle the matter," he observed, as the Barbara, now on the summit of a mountain billow, was about to glide down the steep incline. Down, down, we went—it seemed that we should never be able to climb the opposite height. We were all looking out for the strangers expecting to settle the disputed point. "Where are they?" burst from the lips of all of us. "Where, where?" We looked, we rubbed our eyes—no sail was in sight. "I knew it would be so," said Stubbs, in a tone in which I perceived a thrill of horror. O'Carroll asserted that he had caught sight of the masts of a ship as if sinking beneath the waves. "Very likely," observed Stubbs, "that was of the ship he was sending to the bottom, the other was the Dutchman, and you don't see her now."

"No, no, they were craft carrying human beings, and they have foundered without a chance of one man out of the many hundreds on board being saved," exclaimed the captain.

Stubbs shook his head as if he doubted it. We careered on towards the spot where the ships had gone down, for that real ships had been there no doubt

\* Contrivances to prevent articles falling off a table at sea.



could be entertained. A strict look-out was kept for anything that might still be floating to prove that we had not been deceived by some phantom forms. Those on the look-out forward, reported an object ahead. "A boat! a boat!" shouted one of them. "No boat could live in such a sea," observed the captain. He was right. As we approached, we saw a grating to which a human being was clinging. It was when first seen on the starboard bow, and it was, alas! evident that we should leave him at too great a distance even to heave a rope to which he might clutch. By his dress he appeared to be a seaman. He must have observed our approach; but he knew well enough that we could make no attempt to save him. He gazed at us steadily as we glided by—his countenance seemed calm—he uttered no cry—still he clung to his frail raft. He could not make up his mind to yield to death. It was truly a painful sight. We anxiously watched him till we left the raft to which he still clung far astern. No other person was seen, but other objects were seen, floating spars, planks, gratings to prove that we were near the spot where a tall ship had gone down. "It is better so," observed the captain, "unless the sea had cast them on our deck we could not have saved one of them." We rushed on up and down the watery heights, Stubbs as firmly convinced as ever that the Flying Dutchman had produced the fearful catastrophe we had witnessed.

On we went—the gale in no way abating. I watched the mountain seas till I grew weary of looking at them; still I learned to feel perfectly secure—a sensation I was at first very far from experiencing. Yet much, if not everything, depended on the soundness of our spars and rigging: a flaw in the wood or rope might be the cause of our destruction. I went below at meal-time, but I hurried again on deck, fascinated by the scene, though I would gladly have shut it out from my sight. At length, towards night, literally wearied with the exertion of keeping my feet and watching those giant seas, I went below and turned in. I slept, but the huge white crested waves were still rolling before me, and big ships were foundering, and phantom vessels were sailing in the wind's eye, and I heard the bulkheads creaking, the wind whistling, and the waves roaring as loudly as if I was awake; only I often assigned a wrong cause to the uproar. Hour after hour this continued, when, as I had at last gone off more soundly, a crash echoed in my ears, followed by shrieks and cries. It did not, however, awake me. It seemed a part of the strange dreams in which I was indulging. I thought that the ship had struck on a rock, that I escaped to the shore, had climbed up a lofty cliff on the summit of which I found a wood fire surrounded by savages. They dragged me to it—I had the most fearful forebodings of what they were about to do. Then I heard the cry, "Fire! fire!" That was a reality—the smell of fire was in my nostrils—I started up—I was alone in the cabin. The ship was plunging about in an awful manner. I hurried on my clothes and rushed on deck. Daylight had broke. The ship lately so trim seemed a perfect wreck. The foremast had been carried away, shivered to the deck, and hung over the bows, from which part of the crew were endeavouring to clear it. The main and mizzen topmasts had likewise been carried away. Smoke was coming up the fore hatchway, down which the rest of the people were pouring buckets of water. I went forward to render assistance. The foremast had been struck by lightning, and the electric fluid, after shattering it, had descended into the hold and set the ship

on fire. We worked with the desperation of despair—should the fire once gain the mastery, no human power could save us. The sea was running as high as ever, it was with difficulty that the ship could be kept before it. I exchanged but a few words with my companions; a bucket was put into my hands, and I at once saw what I had to do. The smoke after a time had decreased, for as yet no flames had burst forth. "Now, lads, follow me," cried Randolph, the first officer, leaping below with his bucket and an axe in his hand. Irby and four men sprang after him. With his axe, the mate cut a way to get at the heart of the fire. We handed down buckets to his companions, who kept emptying them round where he was working. The smoke was still stifling. Those below could scarcely be seen as they worked amidst it. The bulkhead was cut through. The seat of the mischief was discovered. Flames were bursting forth, but wet blankets were thrown on them. The buckets were passed rapidly down. The smoke was decreasing. "Hurrah, lads! we shall have it under!" cried the first mate, in an encouraging tone. We breathed more freely. The fire was subdued. The peril had indeed been great. We had now to clear the wreck of the mast, which threatened to stave in the bows. "The gale is breaking," cried the captain, after looking round the horizon; "cheer up, my lads, and we shall do well!" Encouraged by the captain the men laboured on, though from the violent working of the ship it was not without great difficulty and danger that the mass of spars, ropes, and canvas, could be hauled on board or cast adrift. As a landsman my assistance was not of much value, though I stood by clinging to the bulwarks, to lend a hand in case I should be required.

While glancing to windward, as I did every now and then, in hopes of seeing signs of the abatement of the gale, I caught sight of what seemed the wing of an albatross, skimming the summit of a tossing sea. I looked again and again. There it still was as at first. I pointed it out to the captain. "A sail running down towards us," he observed; "it is to be hoped that she is a friend, for we are in a sorry plight to meet with a foe." The captain's remark made me feel not a little anxious as to the character of the approaching stranger. After a time it became evident that the wind was really falling. The wreck of the mast was at last cleared away, but a calm sea would be required before we could attempt to get up a jury-mast. We had watched the approach of the stranger: she was steering directly for us. As she drew nearer I saw O'Carroll examining her narrowly through the glass. "Here comes the Flying Dutchman again," I observed to Stubbs.

"Not at all certain that she isn't," he answered, quite in a serious tone.

"No, she's not that, but she's ten times worse," exclaimed O'Carroll; "she is the Mignonne, as I am a seaman, and will be bothering us pretty considerably, depend on that."

We heartily hoped that he was mistaken, but certainly she was very like the craft we had seen at St. Salvador. She passed us as near as the heavy sea still running would allow her to do without danger to herself. A man was standing in the main rigging. I caught sight of his face through my telescope. I thought that I distinguished a look of satisfaction in his countenance as he gazed at us. "That's La Roche; I know the villain," cried O'Carroll; "I thought from what I heard that he was bound out here. He'll work us ill, depend on that." We now wished that the sea had continued to run as high as it had hitherto been

doing, when it would have been impossible for the privateer to have boarded us. It was now, however, rapidly going down, though as yet it was too rough to allow her to attempt to run alongside. It was possible that she might pass us. No. After running on a short distance her yards were braced sharp up, her helm was put down, she stood back with the evident intention of attacking our helpless craft.

### CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

IN some of these papers I have been led into greater length of introductory explanation than I intended at the offset, but I hope to make the *amende* by letting "Honest Allan," as he was commonly called, paint himself. I may say in brief that he was a self-educated, self-reliant, self-asserting man, open hearted and straightforward, with unusual sagacity and rare common sense.

When he came to London, with a local reputation, I was in literary harness, and among his earliest essays were certain poems recommended to my furtherance. In one of them I ventured to change a "who" for a "what," or something of equal importance, at which the writer was very indignant. I pointed out to him that his text was not grammatical, but he flew in the face of his *quasi* patron and critic, and declared he did not care a farthing for pronouns, or grammar, and "Nobody shall alter a word of mine, whether they may call it right or wrong!" *Nemo me impune lacessit*, was sturdy from Dumfries; and quite in unison with the stalwart Scot who acted upon it.

Ah, but seven years' up-hill work with the London Press tried his bravery. The first letter I have to quote tells an anxious tale.

Belgrave Place, 16 October, 1827.

DEAR JERDAN,—I venture to enclose you a notice of a new work of mine. I have no desire that you should abide by any words but such as you like, therefore dress it up in your own manner if you please. Some such notice before publication will be useful; nor would a little kindness from critics afterwards be at all amiss. God knows I have much need of a kind word or two, for I have been working hard up hill these many years, and William Jerdan and Sir Walter Scott have been almost my only friends. I acknowledge they have been good ones.

Yours very truly,  
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

I have only to note that Lockhart, as well as Scott, was his constant and active friend, through all his struggles; no slackness was ever found in either, and his works and his family owed (and always gratefully acknowledged) much to the cordial services of both. Two years later a stronger standing had been obtained, and the annexed is a circumstantial notice of one of the steps.

27, Belgrave Place, 14 July, 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—My little book has caught the eye of the trade, and, thanks to your kind notice, the eye of the public, and I expect it will do my name a good turn. If you could spare space for an extract or two my fortune would be made.

I have descended from the painful elevation of editor to Mr. Sharpe's publication, and my mantle has fallen on very able men, Maginn and Hook. In truth the proprietor was a little too changeable for me. He had altered the character of the work twice, and was resolved on a third experiment; so I quitted it, and here I am rejoicing in the fullness of freedom, and dispersing, with all the wisdom I am master of, a mountain mass of prose and verse which has accumulated these nine

months. It will probably save me from the affliction of a hundred letters if you will announce my *descent* to the world—in words like these:—

"We are authorized to state that in consequence of the Anniversary being altered from an embellished annual to a regular monthly magazine, Mr. Allan Cunningham has ceased to be editor."

Dear Sir,  
Yours faithfully,  
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

My next tends to a very different phase.

27, Belgrave Place, 31 May, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I send you another of my little books. It has cost me much research and enquiry, and is still very imperfect, I fear. I think you will like the *Life of Flaxman*; and that you may dislike none of it is the wish

Of your very faithful friend,  
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

And *hinc illæ lachrymæ*. Witness the next.

Belgrave Place, 23 February, 1831.

DEAR SIR,—I never, save once, ventured to complain or remonstrate when any of my works happened to be abused or neglected, and for that piece of impudence I was most unhand-somely mauled. Whatever the merits or faults of my books may be, I have ever allowed matters to take their course, satisfied that if they were founded in nature and truth, they would live at least for a time. I believe, too, I can say truly that without ever mixing myself up with the one-sided feelings of any critical publication, I have, nevertheless, done many kind acts to fellow labourers, both in verse and prose. Of this I am sure that I never did an unbrotherly act to any one. I may also add without much fear of contradiction, that while I have lived to see the works of many well-educated men make a stir for a time and then perish quietly, the humble name which I have acquired in literature has risen rather than sunk, in spite of all the disadvantages under which I laboured.

Why do I mention all this? I do it because I am pestered daily with the condolences of friends on my having incurred your displeasure, which they argue is visible enough from the brief and slighting way in which you mentioned my *Lives of the Architects*. If you really are displeased with me you are man enough to say so, and I am man enough to make you the necessary reparation, if such be needed. I have never given you the least cause of offence, and I have often spoken well of you when some were not disposed to show your name any favour. Finally, if your slighting notice of the book has arisen from some sudden dislike which you have taken up against me, then I say you are my enemy without cause. If it proceeds from your unfavourable opinion of the volume, I have nothing to say but to bow to your decision, and live in hope of doing better another time.

I remain, my dear friend,  
Yours ever,  
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"Dear Jerdan," and "my dear friend," had evaporated, and the *irritabile genus vatum* could only recognise a formal "dear sir" to lacerate. On the subject suffice it to say that my *honest* opinion was not so favourable to the work as, for the author's sake, I heartily wished it to have been; and with a candid explanation, the "better time" hoped for very speedily arrived. The "friendship dear" on both sides was soon restored, and the affectionate "dear Willie" crowned the whole, and lasted to the last. Witness the following interesting account of the writer's poetical aspirations:—

27, Belgrave Place, 22 March, 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have written a poem, "*The Maid of Elvar*" by name, in twelve parts, and have sent it to the press. The scene is laid on the Border, the time is the early part of the reign of Queen Mary, and my wish has been to give an image of pastoral and domestic life during those stirring times when a reformation of religion on one hand, and hostility with England on the other, brought much sorrow to the land. I have endeavoured to work up the whole story from my own feelings and observation, and have hopes that it will do me a good turn. I have not published any poetry, save now and

then a song, for these twelve years, and trust to have a few listeners, though my name in literature is not high. I have mentioned this to you with the hope that you will notice my undertaking, so that I may have the benefit of publicity at least before I come from Moxon's Press.

Yours very truly,  
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

To William Jordan, Esq.

I need hardly refer to Cunningham's previous poetical productions. His happy tinkering of several ancient ballads, and his capital imitation of others, together with his pieces of an entirely original kind, had laid a foundation of fame, which, in truth, was not much enlarged by this new effort, though replete with many beauties which ought not to be forgotten. But to proceed: in the ensuing year he commenced his separate biographies; he got ready and published his "Life of Burns," which reached a second edition, which he thus describes—

27, Belgrave Place, 15 August, 1833.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—Will you have the goodness to say to the world, in your own time and way, that I have a new edition and a new Life of Burns in hand. His works have been heretofore ill arranged; the natural order of composition has been neglected; poems have been printed as his which he never wrote, and his letters have had the accompaniment of epistles which were not necessary, and were the work of other hands. Poems, letters, and anecdotes, hitherto unpublished, are in my possession, and will appear in the course of the work. My desire is to arrange the poems, letters, songs, remarks, and memoranda of the bard, in a natural and intelligible order; to illustrate and explain them with introductions and notes, and to write a full and ample memoir such as shall show his character as a man, and his merits as a poet, and give freely and faithfully the history of his short and bright career. The whole will extend to six volumes; the first will contain the life, the others the letters, poems, songs, &c., and each volume will be embellished with two landscape vignettes from scenes made memorable in his works, both in Ayrshire and Dumfries. The work is in great forwardness, and will be published in monthly volumes.

Yours ever,  
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

[The letter ends with news of family good fortune, and with some compliments in the warmest strain of the writer's warm heart.]

With this assurance I close the examples of our correspondence as completing the portrait I have endeavoured to make up out of these traits; but it was four years later, viz. in 1837, that in writing of a work by Sir Andrew Halliday, he arrived at "my dear Willie," and evinced the *perferendum Scotorum ingenium*, by saying, "Sir Andrew is a warm-hearted, true-hearted Scot, and surely another, with a heart equally warm and true, will find some kindly words for him." O, flattering "honest Allan"!

I now hasten to conclude. His "Life of Wilkie" followed his "Life of Burns," and he pursued a persevering literary occupation, till relieved from all his labours in 1842—sinking, as it seemed prematurely, the strong, athletic, powerful man, before he had attained more than fifty-seven years. For all the later division of his life (as will be seen from the dates of his letters), he resided near the studio of Sir Francis Chantrey, in relation to whom he occupied a position most suitable to his pursuits and habits, and congenial to his taste. As factotum to the famous sculptor he superintended his works at home, and was his active friend on all occasions abroad, where his interests were concerned. In this capacity he rendered him very important services, and I may whisper that his connection with the press did not diminish their efficiency. Founded on the basis of admiration of his genius, and personal and grateful

esteem, there was nothing but honourable action in the conduct on both sides; and I will state it as it appeared to me, that no selfish motives overruled the independence either of the employer or the employed.

Looking at the two it amused me to fancy that if the principal fitted Leslie for his Sancho Panza, in the capital picture with the Duchess, the second on the scene might (with such modifications as the artist could make) have stood, not sat, for the Don; for though too stout and good-looking for the chivalrous knight of La Mancha, he was at any rate tall enough, and could have been painted gaunt to realize the transformation!

## TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

### IX.—BARCELONA.

BARCELONA should have been the capital of the nation, and I think it the only city in Spain where the stranger may be reconciled to take up his abode for any length of time. There is more life and more activity, and desire for "radical reform" and progress here than I have witnessed in any other part of Spain. The city has been called the Manchester of Spain, but this is scarcely a compliment to either city. The cloth and cotton manufactories here are on a comparatively small scale, and protected by a high tariff, at the general expense of the community, who have to pay a high price for an inferior article, while native productions, which would give healthy labour, and be profitable to the nation and to individuals, are comparatively neglected. On the other hand, the air and climate refuse to acknowledge the black chimneys, and humming, busy, dingy mills of Manchester, the towers and spires standing out like marble in the clear atmosphere.

Barcelona has its east and west end, divided by a broad avenue called "the Rambla." The word has nothing to do with our rambles, but is the Arab *raml*, which means a river bed, and is often used in Spain for a road which traverses the dried bed of an old river. This broad street is not unlike the Unter der Linden at Berlin. It intersects the town from north to south, and is carried out one and a half miles beyond the town to Gracia on the north, where it is called the Paseo de Gracia; and to the south, along the harbour, the line is continued on a broad raised terrace or rampart leading to the citadel, and terminating in the public garden and evening drive and promenade—about as like Manchester as our November fogs and smoky atmosphere are to their light air and blue sky.

The sea wall that skirts the harbour is the favourite promenade, and after a sultry day, the cool sea breeze, and the beautiful scenery around makes this terrace a most delightful lounge. On the one side is a succession of palatial buildings, public and private, including the Casa Lonja, or Exchange, a curious mixture of architecture and art, most interesting to the stranger, while on the other hand is the fine harbour, protected by a semicircular mole and filled with vessels, while beyond white sails are seen studded along the bright blue Mediterranean.

The town is protected—I should say awed—by a large and powerful citadel, not unlike that of Fort William on the river Hooghly, and in the best style of Vauban, the celebrated French engineer. On the opposite side of the harbour, to the S.E., crowning an abrupt hill of 500 feet above the sea, stands the Castle of Monjuich, strongly fortified, and looking almost impregnable. Both this and the citadel are strongly garrisoned, to curb the *pronunciamentos* of the restless



reforming Catalonians. Ascending this hill by a zigzag road, we get a commanding view over the Mediterranean, and the town, bay, and surrounding country. The town was formerly surrounded from sea to citadel by a strong wall, bastions, and gates. A great part of these have been pulled down and built upon, and the great reformer of the 19th century has spread his iron arms over the foundations of the walls, and the great bastions have become railway stations. I have my room on the second floor of the hotel "Cuarto Naciones," on the Rambla, adjoining the theatres, post-office, and principal public buildings of the city. This broad and magnificent avenue, planted with rows of acacia, laburnum, and pepper trees, is one of the most animated scenes it is possible to imagine. At the moment of which I write it is Christmas day: the women have been at mass in their black dresses and lace scarfs; the men have come out to have a holiday, and enjoy their cigarettas in the open air; the booths and gambling tables are still active with excited purchasers and "operators"—a living panorama, moving up and down in every variety of colour and costume. The inhabitants are estimated at 160,000, but one would fancy there were nearly that number now in the streets.

With regard to national costumes, I may here remark that the upper classes are rapidly assimilating in dress to those of Paris. Among the peasants the old costumes still prevail, giving picturesqueness to their gatherings at fairs and festas. There is great variety in the dress of the different provinces. Contrast, for instance, the red cap and long pantaloons of the Catalan, with the close suit and jaunty hat of the Andalusian. Among all classes, however, the long cloth cloaks of the men, and the mantillas of the women, are still characteristic. Our illustrations give specimens of some of the peculiarities which mark the national costume. Since the suppression of the religious orders the usual clerical dress of the secular clergy is alone conspicuous. The military uniforms seem of wonderful variety.

The old town of Barcelona to the east of the Rambla forms an intricate maze of narrow winding streets; the houses are generally five stories, and many of them of very fine semi-Moorish architecture. These are intersected by a few broader streets; which the municipality is endeavouring to carry out still farther, as the old houses can be cleared away. The cathedral and all the principal churches are in this part of the town. On the west, or the new town, is one of those great markets which play so conspicuous a part in all Spanish cities, two large universities (civil and military), and several fine theatres. I am told it is a disputed question whether the principal theatre here, the Liceo (Lyceum), or La Scala, of Milan, is the largest and finest. The Barcelonense strongly claim the superiority for their house, and affirm that there never was a building where comfort, convenience, and the principles of light and acoustics have been so well and carefully carried out. This is the only city in Spain, with rare exceptions at Madrid, where the great stars of the opera condescend to appear. I should have given the churches precedence of the theatres, but they were so dark and gloomy that I could scarcely find my way through them: many of them are so rich and beautiful that one wishes they could be turned inside out under the bright clear sky. The Cathedral is one of the most magnificent specimens of the Gothic architecture of the fourteenth century that I have seen. The exterior, like many of the churches in Spain, has never been finished, and we must enter the building to

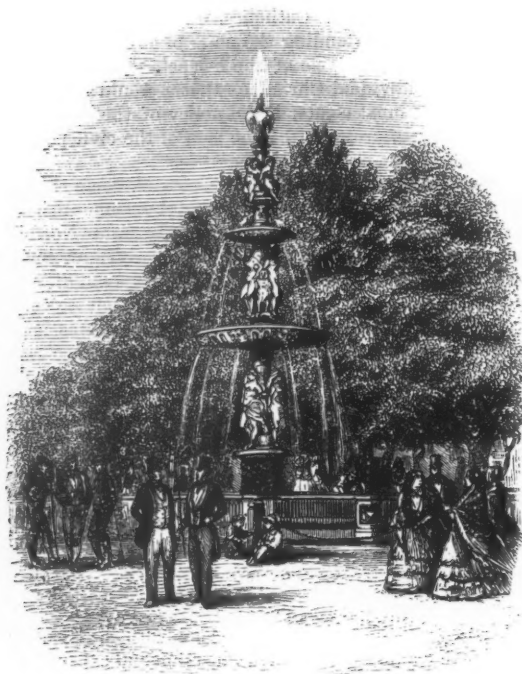
see its beautiful and elaborate decorations. It is in the form of a cross, 180 by 70 feet. The choir is placed in the centre, and this, with the stalls around, is one mass of wood carving and ornament, so beautiful in detail, and so grand and harmonious in the mass, that the eye is ever discovering some new object for admiration. The clusters of light and delicate columns that support the high pointed arches and lofty groined roof, and the rich painted windows, lighting up with their varied tints the dim interior, are all in the perfection of Gothic art. This Cathedral, like that of Cordova, has its fine patio, or open court, with orange, lemon, and other trees, with marble fountains and sparkling waters.

I have but slightly touched on ecclesiastical matters in these brief articles. I am not prone to "pluck the mote from my brother's eye." I know that there are good and virtuous Roman Catholics, who can find underneath and notwithstanding the mass of superstition and error, the faith and hope of the Gospel. It is not the opinion of individual Christians that I would question, but everyone must condemn the policy of the dominant Church, which, protected by the arm of the civil power, keeps the people wilfully in ignorance.

I remember being on a jury in Calcutta, some thirty-five years ago, in a case of murder, by some British soldiers. Fifteen young recruits, chiefly from Norfolk and Suffolk, were examined, of whom only four could write their names, and about eight could read imperfectly. Having been accustomed to a different state of matters among the Scottish peasantry, I was surprised, on inquiry, to learn that throughout these rich English counties not half the adult population could read and write. Those were days when "the school-master was not abroad." It is difficult to say what nation may "throw the first stone." We have much to be thankful for, if we are now tardily improving our national education. It is the misfortune of Spain that the spirit of the Inquisition so long prevailed to pervert the minds of men, or crush them, soul and body, under its iron hoof. It is this usurped authority that has made so many indifferentists and infidels in Spain and Italy, and perhaps elsewhere.

I was travelling on this journey with a Spanish gentleman from Cuba, a man of education and experience, and, I believe, a sincere Roman Catholic. He had his family at Madrid, under Roman Catholic teachers, and one of his sons was being educated for the church. He complained grievously of the Government of Spain, and made some favourable criticisms on the state of political and religious freedom in England and America. I asked him how it was that Spain, having confiscated most of the convents and religious houses, banished the Jesuits, and swept the monks and other religious orders out of the land, was still more Roman than the Romans; while indifference, and almost disrespect, were shown to the clergy, and the absence of men at the religious services, unless there was some musical attraction, was most marked? With the professions of liberality I so often heard from Spaniards, how was it the Pope's concordats were still in full force, and the people going hand in hand with the priest in excluding all Christianity that was not filtered through the Vatican, and the many books of instruction that would improve and enlighten their minds. "Your experience in England and America," I said, "must have shown you that this exclusive system is no security against infidelity. I, too, have been in America, and you must admit that there is no country in Christendom where there is more true piety, and charity, and every Christian virtue, than in the Northern States of America." His reply was short,

and, I think, conclusive. "You have not been long enough in Spain to understand the power and influence of the Church; three-fourths of the people are uneducated, and dependent on the advice of the priest, and even those who have some education, have been taught from their youth that there is no Christianity out of the Church of Rome—that to question the authority of the Church would entail eternal damnation, and that those persons calling themselves Protestants, with no end of annexes, do not believe in the divine mission of our Saviour, entirely ignore the Mother of God, and, in short, are in a worse position than Pagans. With this training and these impressions, they are ready at all times to co-operate with the clergy in excluding



IN THE ALAMEDA AT MALAGA.

what they believe would contaminate their children, and bring punishment on the nation." Curiously enough these sentiments were confirmed afterwards by the chaplain of one of our consulates. A Spanish gentleman of good position was in communication with him, and learning that the chaplain was a married man, said, "What, a priest, and married? You cannot be a Christian priest." "Why not?" was the reply; "we can see nothing against marriage, nor was it forbidden to the priesthood till some centuries after the establishment of Christianity." Still the Spaniard insisted that we were not Christians, and that we denied all the doctrines that were essential to salvation. To cut the argument short my friend said, "If you will give me your word that you will not bring me into trouble with the priest or your family, I will lend you a copy of our Prayer-book in your own language, and if you will take the trouble to read it, you will find the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and Commandments, and even some of the prayers from your own Missal in this book." The Spaniard took the Prayer-book under a promise that he would keep it concealed, and after

some days he brought it back, saying that he had read it through with great surprise, and some shame for the injustice he had been taught to do us. He had no idea that Protestants believed what was in that book, which seemed to him to contain as much Christianity as their own Missal; but for family considerations he would not refer to the subject again.

For some years past the Government has allowed Protestant worship in the private apartments of the British Consuls. I had the privilege of hearing the English service at Madrid, Cadiz, Malaga, and Barcelona, from able and worthy representatives of our Protestant Church. The Sunday I passed at Seville we had no service. I learned that the privilege was withdrawn there in consequence of a complaint from the priests that some tracts had been distributed, or some attempt made to proselytize. The argument used for this measure we should scarcely understand in our free and happy country, but this extract from a noted Ultramontane paper may help to show the usual defence of the "right of the civil power to subserve the purposes of the Divine Will":—

"In countries unfortunately no longer exclusively Christian, religious, or rather irreligious, liberty must run riot, since it would be manifestly unwise or inexpedient to punish religious error, or unjust as affecting such as are wholly ignorant that they are guilty of heresy. But fortunately in Rome a state exists where the civil law subserves, as we maintain it ought to do, the purposes of the Divine Will, and where, in consequence, the liberty to offend God and to scandalise Christians by introducing false worship, is accorded to none. A Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, however, is not of our opinion, and feels exceedingly vexed in spirit that he is not allowed to assert in a Christian State, and



SPANISH PRIEST.

proclaim from the centre of Christendom itself, in the teeth of Divine and human law, the abominable error that man has a right to teach false doctrine and to practise what false worship he chooses. But since Pius IX. will not tolerate in favour of a score or so of



Scotch Presbyterians a breach of divine and human laws, the *Times* takes up its cudgels in behalf of this Protestant chaplain. It is exceedingly wroth that the poor Romans, when sorely tempted, should not at least have a convenient opportunity at hand of committing the sin of heresy. In somewhat the same fashion Fagin, we suppose, could he have written a leader in the *Times*, would have given vent to his indignation that the jewellers at night put shutters on their windows and



THE CACHUCHA DANCE.

thus took away from such as were unwillingly honest a tempting opportunity of enriching their scanty store. This last act of the Papal Government brings out in bold relief the unworldliness of the Papacy, and its steadfast adherence to the doctrine peculiar to Christianity, that public heresy is a moral offence to be punished by law. As long as the scandal of a false worship in a Christian country is not obtruded on public notice, it may haply escape the arm of the law."

You have only to change the name of Rome for that of Spain, and the article will apply exactly to our present subject. I have dwelt longer on this point than I intended, but I wished to show, from the mouths of Spaniards themselves, or from Britons that had been long among them, the delusions under which this unhappy nation is kept by its guides and teachers.

The political position is equally sad; there is "no appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober." "Our elections," said a Spaniard to me, "are a mockery; our legislative chamber a sham; our public debt has been a fraud on the nation; the Bourbons have filled up their cup of iniquity in Spain as they did in Italy; no intelligence or progress can exist where Crown and Church are determined to crush out every attempt at progress and liberal opinions." We know the result of all such governments, and when the deluge comes, and an uneducated people feel the weight of their oppression, how fearful may be the retribution. When I recall the lively scene before me, as I sat at my window that Christmas day, and think of this noble race of people, how very little

makes them happy, and how comparatively few are their wants, the unequalled beauty of their country with all its luxuriant productions, I feel inclined to draw my pen through any depreciatory remarks, and leave my readers to contemplate only the sunny side of Spanish life. But as these are the opinions of Spaniards themselves, and others who have resided long amongst them, I hope I may be pardoned if I give them a place in my record.

I feel it, however, an act of justice to Spaniards, as well as to my own countrymen who may visit this romantic and interesting land, to say that I have never travelled through any country with more confidence and safety. I had not once during my two months' occasion to complain of rudeness or incivility. Few people appreciate the courtesies and amenities of life so fully as the Spaniards, and if the stranger will only exercise a little patience and forbearance, and reciprocate these amenities, he will have little to complain of. I have had many opportunities of studying, in a rapid way, the social, political and religious aspects of the country, and have conversed fully with well-informed Spaniards and English residents on these subjects. I see many noble qualities in the people, and a country of unbounded resources, if they had a fair chance in it. But the Spaniards are a conquered people, as much as the Hindoos and Javanese are, and conquered like them by ignorance, priestcraft, and superstition. Like the natives of South Italy they have been so long under an ecclesiastico-military despotism, that it will require a new generation to understand or appreciate the meaning of free institutions. Like the Italians also they are too apt to dream of the past, and forget the necessities of the present. If they would but humble their pride and condescend to "become as



BULL FIGHTERS.

little children," and take their lesson from other nations so far in advance of them, they might still form a great and influential people.

When I was at Madrid I heard a curious piece of scandal connected with our preparations for the Abyssinian war. I should have passed it over in silence as a "foreign canard," but I had it confirmed on my journey south. When the order was issued to purchase some thousands of

Spanish mules, two or three inexperienced officers were sent to make the purchases. These gentlemen were quite unacquainted with the language and the country, and it is a question if they knew an indifferent mule from a "high-caste donkey." At any rate they fell into the hands of some sharp Spaniards, or half-caste Gibraltar men, and a general raid was made on the mules. It was understood that "they were to be purchased at any price," and the Spaniards, always greedy, "improved the occasion." Every rip that could be found with a hide on its back was brought down to the coast at the average price of 120 dols., twice the value of a good mule. And when they came to be inspected it was found that scarcely half of them were fit for service. I witnessed the re-sale of some of these rejected animals which had been purchased at 130 dollars, and were sold for—how much do you think?—their full value, 20 dollars! Did any of our proceedings at the commencement of the Crimean war beat this? We may hear more of this when "the butcher's bill comes in," but in the satisfaction at the speedy and successful termination of the war, all blunders of administration will probably be condoned.

It was rather a trial for me on reading in the French and English papers that the winter had set in very severely, to pack and prepare to leave this mild and delightful climate, but there was no help for it, there were other duties and obligations before me. I could have run across the Gulf of Lyons, and been in Marseilles in sixteen or eighteen hours, and thence have hastened in a warm first-class carriage to Paris, without much trouble; but I wished to see the passes of the Pyrenees and the central line of France, and I have been gratified and amply rewarded for any little trouble or inconvenience I may have suffered.

There is a line of railway from Barcelona to Gerona, and diligences from thence cross the Pyrenees to Perpignan, where we join the French "Chemins de fer du Midi." I took my ticket out for the whole journey at the charge of 108 francs. We started at 6 A.M. The railway journey along this coast line, through hill and dale, afforded peeps at every opening over the clear blue sea, at vineyards, mansions, gardens of oranges and lemons, surrounded with cactus and aloë hedges; and there was more active life than we had been accustomed to see in the interior of Spain, which, with the most glorious weather, made the scene lively, and cheered us on our way. At Tordera we struck inland, when the country became less interesting. We got to Gerona at 10 A.M., and had a very comfortable breakfast. Three of us, a German scholar, a young Spanish-American, and myself, had engaged the coupé, and about 11 A.M. the diligence was yoked with six small high-boned horses, three abreast, in very tattered gear. Our conductor was a fair, red-bearded Frenchman, one of the best type of our lively neighbours, obliging and communicative, and was at once at home with us. We commenced the ascent of the mountains at Figueras. The day was still, clear, and delightful, with a light bright sky, and buoyant air. The scenery round this city may be compared to some of the passes into the Grampians: the stone pine and olive trees taking the place of our larch, and birch, and mountain ash. As we continue to ascend, the whole outline of the mountains appears rising ridge over ridge, with the distant snowy peaks skirting the horizon, and lights and shades of every tint. This range of mountain is not to be compared with the wild and lofty grandeur of the Alps, but is far more pleasing and beautiful to the eye, and easier for the mind to grasp. I referred in a former letter to the barren and uninterest-

ing passes on the west, by the way of Irun and St. Sebastian, and my disappointment at the scenery. This passage far exceeded my expectations in picturesque beauty and variety: now winding round the face of a mountain, clothed with every variety of green; and now descending into a fertile valley, or passing a mountain stream foaming over its rough bed and jagged walls, or meandering through vineyards and orange groves—a constant change of the most beautiful and picturesque scenery. At dusk we reached Junquera, the last Spanish town, and the highest point of our journey, and in a short time after arrived at Boulon, the French frontier town, where our luggage was examined, and our passports called for. This was the first time on this journey that my passport had been asked for. I had fortunately put an old one in my bag, but before showing it I had a little chaff with the gentleman in plain clothes, and a bit of ribbon in his button-hole. I told him I was not prepared to be called upon for a passport, that I had traversed France for some years without one, and would like to know on what authority he made so unusual a demand on a British subject? "First by this authority," opening his coat and showing me the ribbon of the Legion of Honour; "and next, we have instructions to examine all persons coming from Spain, on account of the troubled state of Italy." What the troubled state of Italy had to do with the Pyrenees frontier was not for me to question, and I rolled out the royal arms of England on a scroll, with the "bold Roman hand" of my Lord Malmesbury, 1858, the sight of which elicited a low bow and gracious thanks. My companions, not being British subjects, were prepared with their passports *en regle*.

Our driver and conductor seemed now to have snuffed their mountain air, "and their foot was on their native heath." A team of five splendid Normandy horses, in gaudy trapping—two in yoke and three leading—dashed along in the dim light up the sides of the mountains, down the steep precipice and over narrow bridges, the driver cracking his whip and jerking out the "She-e-e yo-o-o-o" of the good old times before the locomotive banished all the romance of travel. Out with the horses and in with a fresh team!—what a change from the slow action of the Spaniard—and on we go as before, till we reach Perpignan at 7 P.M., an hour and a-half before our time, which procured our lively conductor a willing *bono mano*. We agreed to remain here for the night, and had an excellent dinner and comfortable apartments at the principal hotel, and so pleasant and agreeable had the journey been, that we sat chatting over its incidents till it was nearly midnight, though we had to be up early next morning for the 5.30 A.M. train. We travelled together as far as Narbonne, where we parted, much to my regret. My travelling companions turned off for Marseilles, and I for Paris, by Toulouse and the mid line. Those acquainted with the eastern and western route through France, to Bordeaux or Marseilles, will form rather an unfavourable opinion of the scenery of that country. One must take this centre route to see all the most interesting and picturesque beauty of the country. The quaint old villages and towns rising on the hill sides, amidst extensive vineyards, are scarcely altered in appearance since the days of Sterne and his little hostelry, where even now, if two travellers were arriving together, they might have to make a compromise on the subject of accommodation. The journey from Toulouse, Agen, and thence to Perigueux, is one continued change of hill and dale and richly wooded undulations. This long journey involved a night in the train—and such a night, with eight to ten degs. of frost; with all the warm clothing

we could muster, it was a sore trial after the delights of the Mediterranean coast. We got to Paris at 5 A.M., twenty-four hours from Perpignon; started again by the mail train at 7 A.M., and were in London by 5.30 P.M., just fifty-eight hours from Barcelona, including the eight hours' rest at Perpignon.

### THE BANK OF HEALTH.

WHOEVER takes a railway run from London to Matlock will travel during the last hour of his route through some of the most striking and fascinating scenery in England; and arriving at Matlock Bridge, will find himself at the foot of Matlock Bank, which for reasons that may presently appear we have designated the Bank of Health. The site has been well chosen for hydropathic purposes—the air and the water being both of remarkable purity, and the Bank, or steep hill side, being a capital centre or starting point, from whence may be visited all the picturesque wonders of Derbyshire. But we are not going to sing the praises of these agreeable resorts on the present occasion; we are going, for reasons with which we shall not trouble the reader, to try the experiment of the water cure, and see if any good will come of it. We are strangers to the place, and have no introduction; but fortunately that is of no consequence, the whole of the precipitous Bank, which runs up sharply to the height of some seven hundred feet, and, facing the south, stretches some two miles east and west, being a complete colony of hydropaths, whose hospitable doors stand open at all times ready to receive the stranger and wash his ailments out of him. Having no choice beyond a preference for high ground, we select one establishment standing near the summit of the hill, and thither accordingly we are driven along some winding roads of the most abominable description, which at length land us at our destination, just at the moment when the inmates, some three to four score in number, and of various social grades, are sitting down to dinner. We join the company as a matter of course, without the least inkling of ceremony, and the meal over, as we shall not be under regimen till to-morrow, have time to look about us.

Down in the valley beneath us runs the Derwent, sparkling and flashing in places, but not much seen, owing to the trees on its banks, and the intervention of the high grounds among which it winds. Below, a little to the left, is the village of Matlock, and beyond it, in the same direction, we catch sight of a portion of Matlock Bath, the rival of Buxton, and of the old city of Bladud, owing to the possession of certain hot mineral springs. Right opposite to us are the Heights of Abraham, said to be the highest of the Matlock hills, and to the left of them rises the huge mass of Riber, dominated by a heavy castellated building, as yet unfinished. To the right stretches the valley of the Derwent, and in this direction only is there any marked change in the colour or general green tone of the landscape, the distance westward allowing of the introduction of purple and grey. But before we have half examined the landscape we are captured by a press-gang, and find ourselves one of a party driving in an open carriage to Darley Dale, some three miles off, where there is a flower-show this afternoon, and prizes to be distributed to the winners of them by a noble lord. The show is in the grounds of Mr. Whitworth, of rifle reputation; and there we are confronted by some monster products in the way of garden vegetables, reared by cottagers, contrasted by a choice selection of hot-house fruit contributed by the gentry. About five o'clock the prizes are distri-

buted, being heralded by an appropriate speech from an old gentleman, *vice* the noble lord, who forgot to put in an appearance. They consist of very small sums of money, and of sundry articles of cottage furniture and kitchen wares, such as a rush-bottom chair, a couple of flat-irons, or a gridiron—but "*honi soit*," etc., the measure of a man's deserts is not the value of the prize he wins or loses.

We are back again to tea, and after tea we take a stroll among the winding roads, cross-roads, and foot-paths, which intersect the bank-side in every direction. One thing that strikes us is the abundance and clearness of the water: trickling down the hill in small rivulets, it is caught here and there in large cisterns of stone, which, although brimming over and shedding their contents on the road, seem to contain nothing, so absolutely colourless and transparent is the crystal fluid. The village, if Matlock Bank may be called a village, seems to have no centre, but to straggle in the most arbitrary way over the whole hill side—here a single cottage, here two; here a single row of houses, and here a double row—and here a pretentious hydropathic establishment, the property of some company of shareholders, and almost close to it what seems a private villa, but is really another hydropathic speculation, the property of a private individual. We tire of the steep roads and footways, and in search of more practicable ground, mount to the brow of the hill, where an unfrequented lane winds along for a mile or so, and comes to an end in a stubble field, where a few sheaves of wheat are yet standing. The sun is getting low, and the breeze blowing over the distant moors comes laden with the fragrance of the heath; at the same time it comes laden with something else, for dense showers of the honey-laden bees come swarming over the brow of the hill and plunging in mad haste down the steep towards their hives. So thick are the swarms, and so wild in their flight that they dash against one's head and face, and we have to take shelter under a wall until the mass of the multitude has passed on. The Matlock honey is most delicious, and the yield would appear to be abundant—a lump of comb nearly as big as a man's head being taken from the top of a single hive, which top had been fairly emptied twenty-one days before. Not a bee is ever sacrificed when the honey is taken, the hives being so constructed as to render that unnecessary.

We are early to bed and very soon to sleep, and are awake before six in the morning by the persistent clamour of a bell, which calls us to commence our experience in hydropathy. We find the first essay more novel than gratifying, as we cannot at first relish the icy drenching which concludes the ceremony of the "tepid sheet"; but after it is over the effect is capital, manifesting itself in a feeling of freshness, and vigour, and a craving appetite. We find it impossible to wait an hour or two for breakfast, and, following the example of others, make for the kitchen, where cook compassionately helps us to hunches of bread and butter.

"Dun you like it well o' the butther?" she asks, and distributes her favours to suit our several likings.

There is time for a brisk walk before breakfast, and walking just now seems everyone's business—some promenading the saloon at the quick step, others marching up and down the platform outside, and others again starting off for their morning constitutional. Breakfast comes at eight, followed by the reading of a chapter, singing and prayer. Then comes the postman's interesting wallet and the general delivery of letters and newspapers; after which the company disperse, singly or in groups, in search of such enjoyment as may be



found. Walking seems the order of the day—the strong and convalescent undertaking long distances, and others suiting their excursions to their capacity. But we are warned by a notice on the wall of the saloon not to extend our excursions so far as to interfere with the course of bathing which all have to undergo. At eleven comes the second bath of the day, which may be a parboiling with steam or hot air at a temperature of 170°, a sitz, a mustard fubz, a pocking, a spinal rubbing, a shallow, a douche, or something or anything else, according to the nature of one's ailments, or the hydropath's view of one's case. At this second, or mid-day bath, it is that there is most activity and bustle, because there are no laggards indulging in "a little more sleep," and no very early birds eager to be finished off before the crowding begins; but all being present, or close at hand, all would like to be "put through" at once if that were possible. It is well on towards one before the entire ceremony is finished, and glad enough we are by this time to escape from the bath-house, where the stinging odour of the mustard, the escaping steam, the burning spirits, and the abounding hot and cold spray, make up a composite bath of themselves not over-gratifying to the sense. There is not much time for walking between the midday-bath and dinner, which is laid at two, and over at half-past, and but few care to walk after dinner. The two hours that follow before the afternoon bath are spent in lounging on the easy chairs and sofas, in reading or playing chess, or in answering letters, or perhaps in a quiet stroll about the grounds or the adjoining district. The bath-house has been well aired and ventilated before we enter it again for the concluding ceremony of the day, with regard to which we note that it is of a less heroic and more soothing character than the two previous ones. By the time we have gone through this triple wash, we are heartily sick of the routine of taking off one's clothes and putting them on again, and to say the truth, it is not until some days have elapsed that we are reconciled to the indispensable but tyrannous necessity.

With the afternoon bath the business of the day comes to an end, and its more agreeable recreations begin. About halfway down the hill, on an open plot of ground, is the fly-stand, where a number of open carriages, accommodating four or five persons, may be hired at any time. It is the custom to club together for the hire of these, and to be driven off in parties to some picturesque spot, there to pic-nic or wander about for an hour or two, and to return home about sun-down. This is by far the most pleasant of all the institutions of the water cure, and, if we are to judge by our own experience, it is the most invigorating and curative. There is abundant variety in the scenery of the neighbourhood, so that one is never tired of viewing it; and indeed, one never returns from one of these expeditions without the desire, at least, if not the intention, of repeating it. The most favoured of these short excursions are the run through Matlock Bath to the Black Rock, whence we have a view over the Matlock valley, looking down upon the High Tor, affording one of the grandest landscapes in England; and the somewhat toilsome and circuitous ascent to the Riber, whence the view is of a totally different kind, but hardly less striking.

In wet weather—and wet weather at Matlock has a special signification—of course there are no excursions, and then the company are driven to their own resources. As no smoking is allowed, and such a thing as a bottle of wine must not even be mentioned, the attempt to inaugurate anything like conviviality on the usual plan cannot be made. There is a certain class of both sexes

that can tide over any emergency of this kind by going to sleep, and this class seems to gravitate, as if by some mysterious natural law, towards hydropathic establishments; at any rate, no sooner does the sky blacken and the rain begin to patter on the skylights, than down they go on the sofa slabs, the railway rugs, the shawls, the top-coats or dressing-gowns are drawn over them, some courteous passer-by volunteers to tuck them in, and off they go at the double-quick to the land of dreams, announcing their arrival in that blissful region by a flourish of trumpets more persistently sonorous than musically clear. Others, who have not this happy faculty, will betake themselves to the discussion of some theological topic, or some political question of the day, in which, if they are at all earnest, they are sure to be joined by more, until at length the friendly discussion grows into something very like a hostile dispute, voices wax high, the gentlemen use "words of heat," as parliamentarians say, and for a minute or two there is something like a row, which, in a minute or two more, has to subside under the ridicule which such an exhibition is sure to excite. When the wet weather is continuous, and the indispensable exercise cannot be taken out of doors—though a trifling shower is not regarded as any hindrance to walking—it has to be taken within, and the dining-saloon becomes the promenade ground, where we march up and down at a vigorous pace until we have had enough of it. Then the chess-boards and draught-boards are brought out, and friendly duels fought over the black and white squares; or perhaps one party will sit down to the game of "twenty questions;" or another will begin romping at "puss in the corner," or "catch who can." For those who prefer to be quiet there are retiring-rooms, whither they can retire to read or write, or enjoy a quiet tête-à-tête. Music is, of course, a favourite recreation when it is to be had, and if there be good voices or skilled performers available their services are gladly accepted; but to bang the piano into fits, or squall a ballad out of tune, is not voted music in mixed assemblies where the polite euphemisms of society are unappreciated, and the very wholesome result is, that at the water establishment we do not get dinned and deafened by too much of that queer product which passes for music in the family circle. After supper we manage to sing a hymn together as part of the family-worship, which winds up the proceedings of the day. Promenading after supper, in the starlight or moonlight, on the platform in front of the saloon, is a very general practice, but it cannot be kept up late, as we have all to be in bed by half-past ten, at which hour the gas is turned off and the lower region of the house left in darkness. The view from the platform on a starlight and moonless night is a singular one. Of the whole of the wide outspread landscape below, we see nothing but the black boundary line which cuts the clear azure above; but in a manner corresponding to the thousand stars glimmering in the upper concave of blue, are almost as many small, red lights gleaming in the lower concave of black. The native of the Bank can read off these nether constellations with ease; to his eye they map out the valley below just as the stars map out the heavens to the eye of the astronomer.

One of the surprises of hydropathic treatment is the course of diet. The following is something like the average routine:—Breakfast begins with a pretty solid mess of oatmeal porridge, and ends with tea or cocoa, and bread and butter, *ad libitum*. If the tea and cocoa are so much alike that one is not to be distinguished from the other, that may be due to the drinker's want of discrimination, and a little inquiry will remove the

doubt. Instead of butter, you can, if you like, season the bread with molasses, or preserved fruits, and you may imbibe any quantity of milk you choose. Dinner consists of mutton, almost invariably roasted, and limited, by recommendation at least, if not by rule, to one serving of about six ounces—of potatoes, with occasionally some green vegetable—and of puddings of a light and digestible kind, made of bread, rice, tapioca, sago, &c. Tea is the same as the breakfast, minus the porridge, but in fine weather this meal is only partaken by a part of the inmates, the majority being at this hour enjoying their distant excursions. Supper is a mere *nomini's umbra*, being represented by some small sections of bread and a few cans of milk placed on a table at which no one sits down, but where whoever chooses may help himself. The chief variation in the above simple dietary takes place on the Sunday, when the dinner is a little more generous, and the tea really is distinguishable from the cocoa.

There being no baths administered on the Sunday, we feel it to be a special holiday, and enjoy it accordingly. The peal of the church bell comes sounding along the valley about ten, and we file off in different directions to our several places of worship. All denominations are represented in the Bank, from Episcopalians down (or up, which you will) to Primitive Methodists. If you are an invalid or only half convalescent, you can attend service in the crypt or underground chapel of the chief hydropath's establishment, where you will sit, not on a hard bench made of a nine-inch plank, as in a London chapel, but in a luxurious settee of ample cushioned area, affording ease and repose to every limb.

The dinner table on Sunday is usually the most frequented of the week, and offers a good opportunity of reckoning up the inmates. Our family circle numbers in all between sixty and seventy, about two-thirds being males, and includes all ages, from twenty to threescore and ten. Though they are all here avowedly in search of health, they may yet be divided into three classes—those who have nothing the matter with them; those who are but slightly indisposed either from overwork or free or careless living; and those more or less sadly afflicted with serious and chronic complaints. The first class is made up chiefly of young or more mature men in the middle rank of life, who are out for their annual summer holiday, and who make the bath-house their hotel and temporary home. Many of them are teetotallers by profession, so that the dietary, simple as it is, is just that which they prefer, and they amuse themselves with the baths as much as they like, and no more. The second class are those who really reap a substantial benefit from the institution; they come here prostrated in strength by hard work—or congested and feeble from free living—or nervously depressed through the intricacies of business—or dizzy and giddy through prolonged business excitement; and because they come here in time before any fatal mischief has been done, we see them growing better day by day, and almost hour by hour. It may be that what the system of treatment does for them it does in a negative rather than a positive way—that it acts beneficially rather in removing the causes of disease than in supplying real remedies; but the man who is restored to health does not care a straw about that—the health he had lost is restored, or at least it is so far restored as to invigorate him again for work, and he goes back to his business after a few weeks' experience at the water-cure, endowed with new energies and capacities. Next year he will probably return to the Bank to be recruited once more, and will repeat his visits from year to year, as many

are in the habit of doing, to their manifest advantage. Of the third class one cannot speak so hopefully: many of them are the victims of confirmed disease for which medical aid has been already tried in vain, and which the use of the baths will avail at best to mitigate in a greater or less degree; some have the incurable disorder of old age; some are tortured with rheumatism; some have been stricken with paralysis; and some are manifestly wasting away in decline. One thing is noticeable with regard to all the inmates, and that is that whatever their ailments, whether trifling or serious, they manage to put on a cheerful countenance before company, each one setting an example as it were to the rest in bearing complacently what has to be borne. It is impossible not to be struck at times with the sound pluck and heroism of men, and women too, who, while suffering sadly, will force a good-natured laugh in place of a groan, or translate the complaint that rises naturally to their lips into the language of a joke. Even those who are inwardly sustained by the highest source of strength, by this cheerful outward bearing help one another to put the best possible face on their common affliction.

The result of my short experience at the Bank of Health may be summed up briefly as follows: We who lead a town life, or a business life anywhere, lead an artificial life—we neither eat, drink, breathe, nor sleep in a regular and natural way, and we get out of order through violating the laws of nature. Now the hydropathic doctor will not allow us to commit such violation; he takes the means of self-indulgence from us, compels us to eat simple food, to drink water, to breathe pure air, and to retire early to rest; and to all these restoratives he superadds the invigorating processes of the baths: in other words, he puts his patients back into a natural way of living, and assists nature by the application of her own best remedy. As a curative agent hydropathy need not be expected to work miracles. When disease has not got the upper hand it may, and often does, by strengthening the general health of the patient, enable him to fight with it successfully, and in the end to shake it off. But in order to reap this benefit the patient should resort to it in good time—should, in short, consider it as a first—not a last resource, as too many seem to do.

## LIFE IN JAPAN.

### VI.

#### BOOKS, WRITING, ETC.

JAPANESE books are printed from wooden blocks, metal type being unknown, on thin paper, one side of the sheet only being used. The leaf is doubled and the edges uncut; and the letters are arranged in vertical columns, beginning like Hebrew at the right-hand side of the page, and, as we should call it, at the end of the book. The covers are generally very plain, made of dark coloured paper, somewhat thicker than the interior sheets; and the gilding which is put on the outside on the edges of our books, generally adorns the inside of the cover, and what may be termed the fly-leaves, in irregular patches. The origin of the art of printing is lost in the obscurity of distant ages: it has been handed down from one generation to another without any trustworthy record of its discoverer being preserved.

Cheap common books are often badly printed, the characters being indistinct and blurred, a defect frequently arising unless special care is taken when printing from wooden blocks. Mind your stops, an injunction so often enforced on English juveniles, can-

not be needed in Japan where punctuation is but rarely used. A simple alphabet is also wanting, various systems being in use according to the style of literature. For instance, ordinary works, romances, histories, etc., are written in characters of a comparatively easy nature, representing syllables. Songs and popular poems have these easy syllabic characters mingled with others of a more complex kind. Works of science, religious treatises, some dictionaries and prefaces are written in ideographic characters, *i.e.* characters representing ideas not sounds, derived from the Chinese alphabet; and in many cases, these are easily read and understood by educated Chinamen. In others only the roots of the words are given in ideographic signs, the Japanese inflections being written in the syllabic character and the Japanese arrangement of words followed, which renders such sentences almost unintelligible to one who has studied Chinese only. When the pure Chinese character or a modification of it is made use of, this has often a running commentary at the side in Japanese cursive writing as an explanation of the text. There is also a system made use of only by the priests called *Bou-zi*. Inscriptions on tombs and altars are engraved in these characters. Signatures and seal inscriptions are frequently written in a peculiar style of Chinese writing. All these diversities of method create great difficulty and confusion, and render the printed literature very puzzling to a learner, whether native or foreign. They result chiefly from the adoption of a foreign system adapted to a language that admits of few changes or inflections, and the incorporation of it with one which possesses many grammatical variations.

The Japanese dictionaries contain more than 38,000 characters, each of which has a name derived from the corrupted pronunciation of the original Chinese; this is of one syllable, in accordance with the spirit of the Chinese language, and to this is added several words of Japanese origin which translate it into the vernacular.

Pictures cut in wood have been also used to illustrate the text for many centuries; and printing in colours, an art of late development in Europe, has been practised in Japan during many ages. Specimens of printing in colours have been brought to England. The colours are brilliant without being gaudy, the drawing is somewhat rude and conventional, and the perspective imperfect; but there is a certain life and animation in the figures and scenes which redeems them from being mere caricatures.

Periodicals are issued at certain intervals giving tales and narratives in parts. As yet this system has not been extended to works of instruction or to newspapers.\* The power of the press is entirely undeveloped, public opinion being formed only by the interchange of ideas at the baths and other places frequented by the common people. Books and pictures are inexpensive, and book-sellers' shops numerous: they appear to have plenty of customers.

Of late the habits and manners of foreigners have afforded a fertile topic for the native artist and author. Pictures of ladies in bright coloured dresses, with largely developed crinolines, carrying parasols, may be seen in

the shop windows; and naval captains in bright blue uniforms and gilt buttons are favourite subjects for representation. Sewing machines and pianos, christening, wedding, and dinner parties, children playing at tip-cat and hoop, and everything European at all strange or new, are seized upon and depicted with sufficient accuracy to render them recognisable.

Japanese writing is very free and flowing, and well deserves the term "cursive," which is usually applied to it. Like printing, it is in vertical columns, commencing at the right-hand side of the page. Although this method of writing does not appear to admit of so much variety in the shape of the letters as the horizontal system, it is very rapidly done, and looks very characteristic. It is difficult for a student to decipher, as a very curious style is adopted, and the variations of handwriting always cause written characters to be less easily intelligible than printed matter. Pens and ink are of course not used: a brush consisting of a nicely arranged bunch of hair, finely pointed, in a bamboo handle, is passed along a stone, on which some Indian ink has been rubbed down with water. The writing paper is porous, and easily receives and retains the characters lightly and rapidly painted on it by the writer.

That which renders it difficult to speak and write Japanese correctly is, that the phraseology varies according to the position in life and relationship of the person addressed. A Japanese lady, when conversing with her female relatives, uses a different choice of words from what she would do were she speaking either to her male relatives or to her servants. To fail or to misplace these expressions betrays a want of refinement and education which is instantly discoverable by the practised ear; and thus one may be well acquainted with the colloquial language of the common people, and yet be unable to address those of higher rank.

In reference to writing, it may be mentioned that post-offices exist in all Japanese towns and cities, except "Jeddo," the capital of the Tycoon. The postage of a letter from "Simonosaki" to Jeddo (for letters are received there, though there is no public office whence they can be despatched) is five *tempos* (about sevenpence-halfpenny). The distance is over 200 miles, therefore the tariff is not much higher than what our fathers used to pay. In a country where money is worth so much as it is in Japan, it is sufficiently high to prevent a very large correspondence being carried on, but this means of communication is always available.

#### MUSIC.

It is strange that the sense of colour or the harmony of sight should be strong in nations where the harmony of sound is defective, if not entirely absent. A horizontal thirteen-stringed harp is the instrument most played upon by the Japanese ladies, but the sounds produced from it are lacking in sweetness and fulness. The strings are caused to vibrate by being struck with a piece of ivory or horn about four or five inches long, the handle of which is shaped like the handle of a table knife, while the part which comes in contact with the strings is widened out and thinned. The strings are stretched on a frame of lacquer work, which is often highly decorated and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. A kind of guitar somewhat similar to the banjo is also considered as a musical instrument, though it produces but a few tinkling sounds.

The drum and fife are represented by small *tomtoms* and flutes, the latter played always in a melancholy minor key like that to which the voices are attuned.

The Japanese do not understand the modulations of

\* An attempt has been made to supply this want as far as European news is concerned, by the issue of a periodical called the "Flying Dragon," edited by James Summers, Esq., Professor of Chinese at King's College, containing a summary of news and information in Chinese characters, illustrated by woodcuts. It circulates at the various ports both of China and Japan, and may be regarded as an important step towards a mutual understanding between Europe and these distant communities. It is also a useful medium for advertisements, of which many manufacturers avail themselves, and thus serves to introduce European productions to the notice of these large populations.



the voice requisite for the production of the sweet harmonious sounds of which the human throat is capable. Singing with them is merely sustaining a series of monotonous high-toned falsetto notes resembling the sad howling of the wind on a stormy night, or the wail of a banshee, rather than the rich flow of song to which our western training has accustomed us. This melancholy music is, however, introduced on all festive occasions, and itinerant musicians are constantly met with in the streets. Every group of jugglers or actors has one or two male or female performers on the guitar and flute accompanying it, and at the picnics in the temple and tea gardens musicians are constantly to be found who entertain the pleasure-seekers with their dismal strains.

At some of the feasts in the spring, evening water parties are made up, that row about on the smooth landlocked bays in large boats ornamented with coloured lanterns. There is generally a musician on board, and at a distance the melancholy sounds wafted over the calm surface possess a wild melody, in keeping with the lofty hills and the deep unruffled waters.

The Bikuni, daughters of one of the sectarian priest-hoods, wander over the country begging alms, and carrying in their hands various kinds of musical instruments, such as the guitar before alluded to, or a small flute, with which they attract attention to their wants.

In wedding processions, when the bride goes to her husband's home, musicians herald her progress with loud-sounding horns and drums and a kind of shrill clarinet. In China also we find this custom prevalent, of singers and musicians performing upon miserable flutes and tinkling guitars, proceeding at the head of all bridal processions, as well as others of an entirely religious nature. A system of musical notation exists, but it is not elaborated; in fact, music, as a science, is unknown in these vast countries. It is curious to find nations, highly civilised in many respects, possessing the same organisation as that of their more musical fellow-creatures, yet with all these faculties of harmony undeveloped, not from want of power—for the Chinese at our missionary schools can be taught to sing quite melodiously, and the Jesuits instruct their neophytes to intone the various chants of the Romanist service with singular sweetness—but simply from want of skill. And so with the Japanese: there is no physical incapacity to prevent them producing good music, but a want of knowledge of the art. We have before alluded to the absence of singing birds in the Japanese islands, and it is a singular coincidence, that the inhabitants of these countries, where the sweet song of the lark and the rich notes of the nightingale, the blackbird, and the thrush are unknown, should in their music imitate the harsh melancholy cry of the gull and the hawk, instead of developing the numberless sweet sounds, the most varied and melodious of all of which the human voice is capable. Such music as is known is imparted to Japanese ladies and forms part of their education, and to women of the lower classes it also furnishes a means of employment.

#### DR. LIVINGSTONE.

THE tidings of the safety of Dr. Livingstone, after his long disappearance in the interior of Africa, spread a thrill of thankful gladness through all civilized lands. None of the detailed accounts since made known approach in interest the first letters which reached England. They were addressed to his trusty friend Sir Roderick Murchison, who persevered in his confident expectation of the traveller's return, even after the event had been given up as hopeless by almost all "African authorities."

The first letters read before the Royal Geographical Society are worthy of being recorded:—

"Bemba, Feb. 2, 1867.

"My dear Sir Roderick,—This is the first opportunity I have had of sending a letter to the coast, and it is by a party of black Arab slave-traders from Bagamoyo, near Zanzibar. They had penetrated here for the first time, and came by a shorter way than we did. In my despatch to Lord Clarendon I gave but a meagre geographical report because the traders would not stay more than half a day; but having written that through the night, I persuaded them to give me an hour or two this morning, and if yours is fuller than his lordship's, you will know how to manage. I mentioned to him that I could not go round the northern end of Lake Nyassa, because the Johanna men would have fled at first sight of danger; and they did actually flee, on the mere report of the acts of the terrible Mazitu, at its southern extremity. Had I got them fairly beyond the lake they would have stuck to me; but so long as we had Arab slave parties passing us they were not to be depended on, and they were such inveterate thieves it was quite a relief to get rid of them, though my following was reduced thereby to nine African boys, freed ones, from a school at Nassick, Bombay. I intended to cross at the middle of the lake, but all the Arabs (at the crossing station) fled as soon as they heard that the English were coming, and the owners of two dhows now on the lake kept them out of sight lest I should burn them as slavers. I remained at the town of Mataka, which is on the watershed between the seacoast and the lake, and about fifty miles from the latter. There are at least a thousand houses in the town, and Mataka is the most powerful chief in the country. I was in his district, which extends to the lake, from the middle of July to the end of September. He was anxious that some of the liberated boys should remain with him, and I tried my best to induce them, but in vain. He wished to be shown how to make use of his cattle in agriculture; I promised to try and get some other boys acquainted with Indian agriculture for him. That is the best point I have seen for an influential station, and Mataka showed some sense of right when his people going without his knowledge to plunder at a part of the lake, he ordered the captives and cattle to be sent back. This was his own spontaneous act, and it took place before our arrival; but I accidentally saw the strangers. They consisted of fifty-four women and children, about a dozen boys, and thirty head of cattle and calves. I gave him a trinket in memory of his good conduct, at which he was delighted, for it had not been without opposition that he carried out his orders, and he showed the token of my approbation in triumph.

"Leaving the shores of the lake we endeavoured to ascend Kirk's Range; but the people below were afraid of those above, and it was only after an old friend, Katosa or Kiemasura, had turned out with his wives to carry our extra loads that we got up. It is only the edge of a plateau peopled by various tribes of Manganja, who had never been engaged in slaving; in fact, they had driven away a lot of Arab slave traders a short time before. We used to think them all Maravi, but Katosa is the only Maravi chief we know. The Kanthunda, or climbers, live on the mountains that rise out of the plateau. The Chipeta live more on the plains there. The Echewa still farther north. We went west among a very hospitable people till we thought we were past the longitude of the Mazitu; we then turned north, and all but walked into the hands of a marauding party of that people. After a rather zig-zag course we took up the point we had left in 1863, or say 20' west of Chimanga's, crossed the Loangwa in 12° 45' south, as it flows in the bed of an ancient lake, and, after emerging out of this great hollow we ascended the plateau of Lobisa at the southern limit of 11° south. The hills on one part of it rise up to 6,600 feet above the sea. . . . I have done all the hunting myself, have enjoyed good health, and no touch of fever; but we lost all our medicine, the sorest loss of goods I ever sustained, so I am hoping, if fever comes on, to fend it off by native remedies, and trust in the watchful care of a higher Power.

"I have had no news whatever from the coast since we left it, but hope for letters and our second stock of goods (a small one) at Ujiji. I have been unable to send anything either; some letters I had written in hopes of meeting an Arab slave-trader, but they all 'skedaddled' as soon as they heard that the English were coming. I could not get any information as to the route followed by the Portuguese in going to Cazembe till we were on the Babisa plateau. It was then pointed out that they had gone to the westward of that which from the Loangwa Valley seems a range of mountains. The makers

of maps have placed it (the Portuguese route) much too far east. The repetition of names of rivers, which is common in this country, probably misled them. There are four Loangwas flowing into Lake Nyassa."

The following letter from Dr. Kirk, dated Zanzibar, the 1st of March, was also read:—

"I am glad to announce that a letter has just been received from Miramuezi confirming the news brought three weeks ago. Livingstone has been in Ujiji in the middle of October last, where he would meet the agent in charge of stores and letters sent to him from Zanzibar. This letter reached us in fifty days. It was bought by slaves in advance. The Arabs of the caravan will be here in fifteen or twenty days hence; probably they will be bearers of Dr. Livingstone's letters from Ujiji. He has, no doubt, long ago gone forward to Albert Nyanza. I sent him Sir Samuel Baker's map, together with an account of all I know of the geographical problems involved, for it must be remembered that when Dr. Livingstone left England Sir Samuel Baker's discoveries had not yet been made known. With this map in his hand he will be able to apply himself to ascertaining the missing links in the chain of lakes. The Sultan of Johanna has been addressed on the subject of Mooss and his companions, and I trust he will take measures to have them punished, not simply for having fled, but for having given a false tale in their defence, and thus caused so much grief as well as no little expense."

First and last, in all his travels, the suppression of the slave trade and the permanent amelioration of the poor African races, have been the ruling motives of the good missionary traveller. In the recent volume of another missionary of African fame, the Rev William Ellis, "Madagascar Revisited," there is an interesting letter from Dr. Livingstone, written while Mr. Ellis was at the Court of King Radama II. Dr. Livingstone says—

Apart from all consideration of justice and mercy, it is impolitic to allow a traffic which tends to render labour unpopular. The Malagasee will rise in the scale of nations only by hard work. You may tell the king, if you think proper, that while labouring to put a stop to this horrid traffic by pacific means, it will be a joy to my heart in Africa if he will co-operate in the same noble work in Madagascar. I got out a steamer at the beginning of this year for Lake Zanzibar alone. She is in pieces, and when we get up to the cataracts of the Shire we shall unscrew her, and carry her past; but we had to put her together first in the low Zambesi delta, and had great sickness in consequence. My dear wife, who I never intended for that exposure, was the only victim of the fever, and I now feel lonelier in the world than before. Much reduced by sickness, and having a Johanna crew who wished to return home, we came away in the Pioneer."

On this letter Mr. Ellis remarks—

"The king was interested, and deeply affected by Dr. Livingstone's statement of the frightful number of slaves exported *vid* Zanzibar. In reference to Madagascar, he said it was contrary to his wishes and orders that any should be imported to the country, and he did not think there could be many brought in. He had sent orders to the authorities to prevent slaves from another country being landed, or sold. To myself Dr. Livingstone's letter was welcome and refreshing. It was just the kind of letter which one Christian labourer might be expected to write to another so circumstanced. I had been near him abroad, some years before in Mauritius: we had been long acquainted, and I had last met him in London, and when I found that he had sailed along the west coast of Madagascar, it did not seem to me that we were so far apart as before. I had always honoured his noble self-devotion, and steadfastness of purpose in pursuit of the great objects at which he aimed. I had always believed that the end of the geographical was to be, in his aim, the beginning of the missionary enterprise, and that in whatever direction his steps might tend, he would carry with him a true missionary heart. I believed also that he was, to his own apprehension, furthering the great missionary work by opening up new fields to Christian effort, and by endeavouring to substitute, for the misery, and the murderous barbarism of the slave trade, honourable and lawful commerce as a means of preparing the way for the entrance of the Gospel of freedom and of peace. I have sympathised deeply with him in the heroic patience he manifested under the suffering and disappointment recorded in his last volume, and most earnestly desire for him an easier path, and happier results, in the arduous enterprise in which he is now engaged."

## Varieties.

**POLICE IN TOWNS.**—The last annual return of the numbers of the police shows that in 1866 the police in the city of London, officers and men, were 699, being one to every 147 of resident population. In the metropolitan police district the number was 6,839, being one to every 500 of resident population, not reckoning the 739 dockyard police. The cost of the city police for the year was £60,123, and of the metropolitan police, £574,457. In Liverpool the police force was 1,100 in number, or one to every 440 inhabitants; the cost for the year was £76,844. In Manchester the number was 674, or one to 532 inhabitants, and the cost, £41,936; in Salford, 112, or one to 1,008 inhabitants, and the cost, £7,820. In Birmingham the force was 377 strong, or one to 891; and the cost, £26,119. In Leeds, 270, or one to 845; the cost, £17,675. In Sheffield, 245, or one to 891; the cost, £14,875. In Bristol, 303, or one to 540; the cost, £19,854. In Newcastle, 154, or one to 794; the cost, £12,362. In Hull, 152, or one to 692; the cost, £10,546. In many of the smaller towns, which maintain a separate force, the police are not one to 1,000 of population, and the total number is, therefore, inconsiderable. Some of the small boroughs present in the return almost the caricature of a force; Bodmin is returned as having a police force of three for its 4,500 inhabitants; Berwick five for its 13,000. The average for all England, town and country, is one to 894 of the estimated population. In these calculations the number of the police "establishment" is taken, and not the actual number on any particular day; and therefore where there were any vacancies the force is to that extent over-estimated. By the number of inhabitants is meant the number of persons sleeping in the town; persons resident during the business hours of the day, but sleeping out of the town, are not counted. In the city of London the resident population in the day is more than double that of the night; and the police force is only one to every 406 of the resident population in the daytime.

**LOUIS PHILIPPE.**—"He was a prince and a Bourbon; he was born and educated in the bosom of the old French monarchy, at the court of its kings; he was not a stranger to the maxims and traditions of the monarchies of Henry IV and of Louis XIV; he knew and comprehended them, not as a history we study, but as we know and comprehend facts we have witnessed. Very enlightened as to the vices and weaknesses of the old system, he was also well aware of the principles of government which long duration had introduced into it, and he judged it without animosity as without ignorance. Associated, on the other hand, from his youth with the ideas and events of the Revolution, he was sincerely attached to its cause, but also strongly impressed with its wanderings, faults, griefs, and reverses, and greatly mistrustful of the revolutionary passions and practices which he had seen in full play. All these spectacles, all these reminiscences, so many impressions and observations so variously heaped together in the short space of his life, had left him sadly perplexed as to the issue of such a great social crisis and the success of his personal efforts to put an end to it. He believed at the same time in the necessity of free government and in the difficulty of its establishment. We were talking one day alone in a small drawing-room at Neuilly; the king was in one of his moments of doubt and discouragement—I in my usual habit of optimism and hope. We were arguing with animation. He took me by the hand. 'Listen, my dear minister,' said he; 'I wish with all my heart you may be right, but do not deceive yourself. A Liberal Government in face of absolute traditions and the spirit of revolution is very difficult; we want Liberal Conservatives, and we have not enough. You are the last of the Romans.'"—Guizot.

**VALUE OF REAL PROPERTY IN AMERICA.**—The marvellous rise in real property in the metropolis of America is shown by the following from the "New York Times":—"The south corner of Broadway and Bond-street has been valued within a lifetime at ten dollars; it was sold once for 250 dollars, then offered for 500 dollars, then for 2800 dollars, and in 1839 was again sold for 18,000 dollars. Recently an enterprising Sewing Machine Company offered 200,000 dollars for it, which being declined they have leased the premises for a long term, and are about to open the most magnificent sewing-machine establishment in the world. During the past forty years the property has doubled in value every seven years. The whole of New York Island was once sold for ten dollars."

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